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CONGRESS
LIZINKA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ROBERT T. BENTLEY.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

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LIZINKA, AND OTHER POEMS.

LIZINKA.

LAND of the South! If through thy sunny meads,
All verdant with the velvet-tufted grass,
By flowers fragrant jeweled as a queen—
If by thy gentle slopes of giant trees,
That speak thy praises in their waving crests,
Or 'neath thy mountain-peaks of azure hue,
That wear the circling cloudlet as a crown—
There flows a gentler river than the rest,
Of graceful bend and murmur sweet, it is
Thy beautiful, thy lovely Tennessee!

And if upon thy banks, thou gentle stream,
Kissed by thy waves, and drinking of thy flood,
There is a country fairer to be seen
Than other lands, caught up in thine embrace,
'Tis Alabama—land of *Here we rest!*

Sweet land and river! to thy fairest scenes
Of days ago—forgotten as a dream,

Ere war's destructive bosom o'er them swept,
Yet with some relic still to claim our love—
My willing Muse hath led me to recall
A life of beauty, but of fading dreams.

It was the spring-time sweet—morn of the year—
Apt emblem of the early days of life!
For when it comes our childish joys return;
Age drinks again th' elixir of its youth;
While on the roseate cheek of youth appears
A lovelier bloom! Ay, 't was in that sweet time—
When murmuring streams their cadences suppressed,
To listen for the rustling of some leaf
That scarcely moved by breath of dying winds;
When birds, on pinions poised in limpid skies,
Seemed loth to move lest they should break the spell,
And all the world had found sweet quietude
Of peaceful hours within the lap of May—
Beneath a checkered shade of leafy woods
A picture was; and it was beautiful—
So lovely that it would have made you glad
But to behold Lizinka's beauty rare.

Around her were the trees all newly robed
From spring's bright garniture of glistening green,
That, by their gentle swayings to and fro,
Let in the lambent light—the light that played
Upon the verdant grass. Above, beyond,
In festoons graceful, flecked with bursting buds,

And with half-opened flowers of perfume sweet,
Hung vines luxuriant; and in the midst
Of that rich coloring, by Nature wrought,
Of azure soft, and green most delicate,
Of crimson deep, and tender purpling,
She stood unrivaled, but eclipsing all,
As childhood's queen of beauty and of love.

Upon that lovely morning she had strayed
From her sweet cottage home into the woods,
To gather up some flowers wild and rare
For her sick mother's chamber, where she lay
Upon her suffering couch, and since the days
Of falling leaves when she had withered too.

O fair and lovely child! what shall I say
To paint thine image true upon this page?
O eyes of blue, like to the azure sky!
O golden locks, like sunbeams wreathed in one!
O dimpled cheeks, with hue of faintest rose!
O form exquisite as the graceful swan!
Thy beauty was a spirit which no form
Of language lame could ever tell its worth!

When she had filled her basket with the wealth
Of floral offerings from the ample wood,
As on her face there beamed a gladsome smile
Of childish satisfaction when is done
Some errand that shall make a parent glad,

She homeward turned, and with a merry song
That made all Nature wake along her way,
She soon was hidden in the clust'ring trees.

Ten summers, with their sunshine and their bloom,
Had passed away, and marked Lizinka's age :
A period of undisturbèd joy,
Save one dark shade of sorrow's gloomy cloud,
That fell athwart the dawning of her life.
For then it was that death came through that door
For the first time, and laid his icy hand,
In cold embrace, upon her father's form.
Five years had closed her prattling infancy,
And marked her with the features of a child,
When the destroyer came. But she could tell,
From mind impressible, what had been done ;
There waved within her fancy sable plumes,
As from the past came tones of solemn bells,
Mixed with the sobs and moans of broken hearts ;
She saw the tears fall from her mother's eyes,
And heard her say (as if but yesterday),
" My little girl has no dear father now,"
As close she pressed her to her heaving breast.

Then tell me not that childhood cannot feel
The weight of sorrow in the wake of death,
That crushes older hearts ; it is not true ;
For in its tender nature, innocent,
There dwells a sympathy like to our own,

But in a purer state. The tender bud,
When first it opes its petals to the morn,
Exhales a fragrance sweeter than at eve,
And falls at gentler touch.

Lizinka soon,
With richest gifts of floral offerings,
Had reached her home, and with a happy heart
Had poured her treasures at her mother's feet,
Who in return, with her emaciate hand,
Her kindest blessing gave, in these fond words :
" My darling child has been so good to-day
To bring me flowers from the far-off' wood,
I must imprint upon her cheek a kiss."
On saying which she drew her to her side,
And with her lips of ashen paleness pressed
Her soft and rosy cheek, which seemed to be
The kissing of the lily and the rose.
Then she continued : " Go, Lizinka dear,
And gather up the flowers from the floor :
Place them in the window, in a vase,
Beside my bed, where gentlest winds may blow
And waft their sweetness on their balmy wings
Into my room ; for soon this world, methinks,
With all its light and bloom, shall fade to me,
As I go upward to the better land."

Obedient to her mother's gentle will
(Which she was never known to disobey),

With willing hands she went, but with her heart
All saddened by those strange, prophetic words,
And gathered up the flowers. Soon in the vase,
And in its crystal flood, in loveliness
Appeared a sweet and beautiful bouquet,
That would have gotten praise for older hands.
But ere she turned from her fond task away,
That she might hide the risings of her grief,
There fell upon those flowers a crystal tear—
Their first baptism from affection's font,
And holier than the dew.

With grief o'erwrought,
That could not be suppressed, she left the room,
That she might not afflict her mother's heart
With sobs and tears, but seek some lonely spot
To weep alone. As she passed out those eyes
That had looked in her own ten years with joy—
Kindling at their light, or, when they wept,
Shed sympathetic tears—followed her form
Receding out of sight. And that sweet voice,
That had so often pleased her with its songs,
But then was growing weaker day by day,
Spoke words of sadness in presentiment,
And faintly said, "My child, weep not for me,
But for thyself—thy sorrows shall be great.
For though thou wast the treasure of two hearts,
In bonds of love (but one forever gone),
Thy father's pet—thy mother's only joy—

Yet in a few more days, when Death shall take
Another of his victims, thou shalt be
A lonely orphan here. For in thine eyes
I see a shadow that must shortly tell
That youth is not all spring, nor life all May;
While in thy wreathèd tresses I can read
A checkered life of sunshine and of shade—
Its golden and its gloom. Who, then, my child,
When I am gone shall braid thy silken hair,
And kiss the tears from off thy rosy cheek?
Who shall caress thee for thine own love's sake,
Or listen to thine evening orisons,
And put thee in thy little bed to rest?
Who shall instruct thy feet into the light
Of wisdom's ways? or guide thy spirit pure
Up to the sun-bright clime? I cannot tell.
But unto thee, O Lord, I trusting look;
And to thee, as my Shepherd, give my lamb,
And say, Amen!"

At this she gently sank,
Saying no more, into a quiet sleep,
Like unto death.

The bright and sunny hours
Of merry May went on; birds sung their songs,
And built their downy nests among the leaves;
Lambs skipped and played along the meadow
streams,
Or rested in the sun on grassy hills;

The busy bee, with music in her wings,
Led on from bloom to bloom the insect ranks,
That sipped sweet nectar from the flowery fields;
And grew the days still brighter one by one,
Until was reached the full-tide flow of spring,
In melody and peace.

But what to her

Who neared the stream of death, and felt its waves
Lash coldly o'er her feet, was such as this,
But antetype of that bright vernal land
That soon would rise in everlasting bloom?

Then came the day, as all such days will come,
A day of sadness in the midst of joy,
And put a period to a gentle life.
For she who lay upon her suffering couch,
Long waiting for the hour of her release,
Began to feel approaching death, and saw
The deepening shadows of his sable wings,
That crept upon her as the twilight steals
Upon a weary world, and brings the night.

That day had passed the noontide of its light;
And down the western circle of his track
Sank the bright sun, an hour above the hills;
While through the parting branches of the trees,
That cast their dappled shadows on the grass,
Into an open window poured his rays,
As streams of liquid gold.

As oft before,
Drinking the radiant light of many a sun,
Within that window stood th' accustomed vase,
O'erflowing still with bloom of flowers wild—
Flowers plucked by fair Lizinka's hand
For her who loved "the softening winds to blow,
And waft their fragrance sweet on balmy wings
Into her room." For she was lying there,
As heretofore, in that calm, quiet sleep,
Like unto death. The flowers caught the light,
And, breathing it to fragrance, let it fall
In all its softening splendor on that face,
As fall the moonbeams pale on driven snow.

Beside the bed where her sick mother lay
Lizinka knelt, while on the other side
Stood a dear friend, who had attended there
Since the first days of serious illness came.
She was a friend indeed, which she had proved
By tireless watchings through the silent nights—
True as a sentinel, and all alone—
And now, when near the end, was faithful still,
And more, if possible, that she might catch
The latest whisper of the dying lips.
And so upon that day—that final day—
She had not passed a moment from the room,
But, ever ready, sat to make reply
To every want of her, her dying friend.

Just as Lizinka knelt, as said before,
To kiss her cheek for the last time, perhaps,
While life was there, her mother woke; and, as
One waketh quickly from a dream of peace,
All wreathed in smiles unearthly, softly said :
“ I have been almost home—why call me back ?
Why wake me, darling, with that honeyed kiss ?
I know I love thee, and I feel thy love,
And would not chide thee for that loving kiss
For all this world. But I’ve been almost home,
I’ve seen in vision through the pearly gates,
Have heard angelic songs, and caught the strains
Of golden harps’ undying melody.
Thy father, love, is now within the room,
Who did return with me but to await
The summons for my change. Then I must talk
While life is mine, or ere I shall depart.”
Then turning to her friend, whose eyes wept tears
Of ecstasy and love; whose trembling form
Bespoke the cup of heavenly bliss o’erflowed,
She said : “ The time is now at hand when I,
My dearest friend, must leave thee in this world.
Thy loving kindness I can ne’er repay ;
But with the hope that I shall meet you soon
Within the fair and sun-bright climes above,
I must pronounce the sad, sad word, Farewell !
Take my Lizinka as thy precious charge,
And treat her as I would—I know you will.

One time I thought she would be left alone
In this cold world, but now am satisfied."
Then, with her hand uplifted, and her face
Beaming with joy, in sweeter accent said :
" For unto thee, O Lord, I trusting look ;
And to thee, as my Shepherd, give my lamb,
And say, Amen ! " At this she gently sank
As into quiet sleep, and she was dead.

Down sank the wearied sun ; the mystic stars,
With their cold light, shone forth along the skies ;
With folded wings the day-birds ceased their songs,
As hushed the murmurs of the evening wind,
And all was left to silence and to death.

Another day had come and passed away,
Filled with recitals of the late sad scene ;
And in God's Acre, 'neath the willow-trees,
Another mound, adorned by loving hands
With verdant wreaths and floral crosses fair ;
While in a cottage by the river-side
Another orphan wept.

O Orphanage !

Thou art a tender flower on mountains bleak ;
A bird of weary wing on ocean's waste,
That seeks an aimless rest.

Days came and went,
Bringing new scenes, and bearing them away
With such transition rapid that the days,

So overfraught with sadness and with pain
Soon took their places with forgotten things,
And all seemed bright again.

'T was in such truce
Of sorrows militant Lizinka sat,
Conversing with her friend—her mother's friend—
(To her more than a friend) about such things
Of which she liked to speak: her mother's love,
Which was so richly lavished upon her;
And then, with pain, about her mother's death:
Why it should be; and she left all alone.
“I never thought,” she said, “that she who loved
And lived for me would die. Although I know
That every one must die, as I was told,
And told by her; but I could not believe,
As to the fact, that *she* should ever die.
I thought the time, if it should ever come,
Would be so far away I did not care;
And so I lived in confidence and joy.
But soon there came a time when I could see,
As well as learn from solemn words I caught,
That she would die, which almost broke my heart.
Then I remembered that my father died,
But was so young I did not feel it much.
My mother though, you know, was with me more,
Which made me love her with a stronger love,
And shudder when I thought that she must die;
Now it is true.”

When she had spoken thus,
She bowed her head and wept.

Then said her friend :

“Lizinka, do not weep, for I am here ;
And I will be your mother—you my child—
And love you as your own dear mother did.
For on her dying bed I promised her,
And, by the help of God, I'll keep my word.
This life, you know, is full of fading dreams,
Of promises we never realize,
Which lesson you must learn while you are young,
And in the school of stern experience.
The thought that thy dear mother would not die,
But live and love thee through the coming years,
Was thy first dream, and sweetest of thy life ;
And when it vanished, to thy great dismay,
Thou didst awake to sorrow's real world.
And this may not be all : dreams lie before,
But to arise touched by the magic wand
Of sanguine hope. Be not too anxious, then,
About such promises—they may not be.
But live to-day, and learn the lessons well :
That life's a dream that fadeth fast away,
And ' blessings brighten as they take their flight.' ”

VISION OF THE WINE-CUP.

WHILE wrapt in slumbers of the night,
There rose a vision on my mind—
A scene of shadows and of light,
The joys and sorrows of mankind—
For there I saw before me stand,
In love and beauty all divine,
An angel holding in her hand
A golden chalice filled with wine.

Said she, "O mortal! wouldst thou know
The destiny of some on earth?
Come gaze into this cup of woe,
Where sin and misery have their birth.
'Tis true that golden shines the cup,
And, sparkling, moves the wine within,
But he that sips a single sup
Plants in his heart the seeds of sin."

With trembling hand I took the wine,
And saw within its ruddy wave,
As standing on life's steep decline,
From early youth unto the grave,

Two gentle ones of prospects bright:
A youth in manhood's strength and pride,
And near him, bathed in beauty's light,
A maiden fair he called his bride.

Upon one noble brow I traced,
In bold expressions full and free,
The sign of noble thoughts incased,
The index of sobriety.
While on the other's rosy cheek,
That flushed with hopes of future years,
I read the signs that did bespeak
A happy life without its tears.

Methought the world had never given
Upon the shifting stage of time
A scene so near akin to heaven—
In moral grandeur so sublime!
For there, united as forever,
By love and honor's golden bond,
Were hearts that death alone could sever,
Journeying to the life beyond.

But while I gazed with view entranced,
The sparkling liquid "moved aright,"
And like the changing-glass perchanced
To show to me another sight—
A sight that caused my blood to chill—
Mine eyes their bitter tears to start,

And like an arrow, barbed to kill,
The shaft of sorrow pierced my heart.

So changed that scene of youth and love—
So faded was its brightest bloom—
So darkly brooded from above
The gathering shadows of the tomb—
Methought that Time, with quickened pace,
Had flung a hundred years behind—
Or, like an artist, he had traced
Some darker picture on my mind.

But no; the scene which first arose,
When first I looked into the wine,
Did by transition but disclose
New prospects from the same design;
Just as we see the morning rise
To-day in glory o'er the hills—
Though on the morrow from the skies
It fall in shades, 't is morning still.

Thus in the morn of life they stood,
With promise of the brightest day;
But ah, alas! the tempter wooed,
And sorrows gathered o'er their way;
For there I saw that manly form,
Once so erect, and firm, and true,
Lay prostrate 'neath the fiery storm
Which from that seething wine-cup blew.

And there beside him, young and fair,
Though frail, and shattered by the strife,
Bowed 'neath a cross she scarce could bear,
The guardian angel of his life.

But 't was not age nor sin that chased
The bloom from off that face so meek;
But 't was the tears that often traced
Their burning channels down that cheek.

Again I looked upon the scene,
In hopes to see some spirit come
And stand with burnished shield between
The helpless and their threatened doom;
But onward moved the storm apace,
Deep in the wine-cup's fiery wave,
Until they both, swept from the place,
Together sank into the grave.

I turned away and clasped mine eyes,
And said: "O spirit, please depart!
Leave not such visions 'neath the skies,
They pierce like arrows through my heart.
Dash down the wine-cup ere it show
The sorrows of another's breast—
Or by enchantment it may flow
And rob another soul of rest."

At this the angel spread her wings,
And said: "I speed to worlds unknown—

No more to view these earthly things—
Away! away! forever gone!
'T was for the sake of man I came,
And brought this golden chalice down;
'T is for his sake and in his name
I cast its contents to the ground."

Out poured the wine, and with it fell
The dreams and visions of my sleep—
Up rose the angel's sweet "farewell,"
Like music stealing o'er the deep;
As once again her pinions spread,
That like the sunbeams brightly shone,
She rose, she smiled, and gently said,
"Beware! beware! forever gone!"

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels—Faith and Mercy—from above,
All radiant with a bright, celestial glow—
One with the smile of hope, the other love—
Came on an errand to the world below.

Faith bore a shield, all burnished like the sun,
Firm in her grasp, to meet the shafts of fate;
But Mercy came with tears to shed upon
The hand of Vengeance, and to bid it wait.

Just as from earth and sky the light of day
Had fled before the shadows of the night,
The angels spread their wings to fly away,
And at an humble cottage did alight.

The world, with all its cares, had fallen asleep,
And silence reigned as of the midnight hour,
While at the door no watchman stood to keep
His vigils there, save one lone, tender flower.

Within there lay, upon his bed of straw,
A poor old man, with age and sorrow pressed,
Who in his dreams two beauteous angels saw,
And 'neath their gentle watchings found his rest.

Then Faith to Mercy said, and firmly spake :
"I come to close this humble cottage-door,
And woe to every one who dares to break
The slumbers sweet of him upon its floor."

The darkening shadows went, and morning spread
Her rosy light o'er dews that night did weep,
When Mercy said, "I break the silken thread
That binds the weary in the arms of sleep."

Then from the world, "swift as the morning-light,"
Back to the land of never-fading beams
Faith and Mercy took their rapid flight,
As woke the sleeper from his pleasant dreams.

THE CHEERFUL OF EARTH.

LIFE's ways were wearisome,
Joyless and drearishome,
Dark as a winter sky on a rough sea,
Did not the cheerful ones,
Loving ones, happy ones,
Bless with their sunny smiles, joyous and free.

Like as a bird that flies
Under the darkened skies,
When from the western hills cometh the storm,
Yet sings her sweetest lay,
So in the darkest day
Speak they their sweetest words, loving and warm.

Loud are their songs, but sweet;
Kind are their words that greet
Those at the "wayside inn," weary and worn;
Pure are their hearts that share,
Strong are their hands that bear,
Part of the burdens now wearily borne.

Like as the bright'ning ray
Chasing the shadows gray
Over the summer-lands, swift as the wing;
So into human life,
Though with its shadows rife,
Bright are the blessings that cheerful hearts bring.

Praised be the cheerful ones,
Loving ones, happy ones!
Bless us with sunny smiles, cheer us with mirth!
Long be your mission here—
Rest in a brighter sphere—
Whose love is from heaven, whose songs are for
earth.

THE LILY AND GAZELLE.

At my door a plant was growing,
From precious seeds of my own sowing,
Whose tender buds, in beauty blowing,
Breathed their fragrance on the air.
From the dawn of day ascending
To its fall and quiet ending,
'T was the object of my care.

Freely round my cottage, skipping
'Mong the green leaves—gently sipping
Of the dew-drops, lightly dripping—
Roamed a beautiful gazelle.
Lithe of limb, with meek eyes beaming,
It seemed a creature of my dreaming;
Of its beauty none could tell.

When the crescent moon was shining
On the lily's silver lining,
As it gently waved, reclining,

On its stalk, a pearly gem,
Came that gentle creature creeping,
Through the dewy foliage peeping,
And tore it from its parent stem.

From my belt I drew the bristling,
Bladed dagger; sent it glist'ning
Through the moonlight, toward the listening
Truant, with unerring art;
And upon those dewy flowers,
'Neath the shade of moonlit bowers,
Poured the life-blood of its heart.

Spring returned, with soft winds blowing,
With its sunlight brightly glowing;
And the flowers again were growing;
But they brought me no relief;
For to mind, in every feature,
Came that meek and lovely creature—
With it came again my grief.

Let no careless word be spoken—
Let no law of love be broken—
That shall future woe betoken,
Or shall cause one soul to weep.
Man may rest beneath the willows;
Time may hush its surging billows;
Our regrets shall never sleep.

THE SEASONS.

WHAT gentle nymph, or virgin sweet, is that,
Who cometh in her robes of softest green,
With garlands twined around her rustic hat,
That shades her eyes of beauty from the sheen
Of vernal sunlight of unclouded skies,
And with her magic wand bids flowers rise?

The snow which wrapt in "mantling white" the fields,
And icy chains that bound the brooks beneath,
Have vanished at her coming, and revealed
The secret power of her fragrant breath;
The gentle lambs are skipping at her feet,
While merry birds are warbling carols sweet.

And who is she that cometh—not so sweet,
But robed in garments of translucent beam—
Who seeketh for some shady, cool retreat,
To rest her form upon some crystal stream,
To bathe her fervid brow and parchèd lip,
Or withered garlands in its waves to dip?

The harvest-fields, beneath her radiant glow,
Now wave in golden seas of ripened grain,
And happy reapers gleaming sickles throw,
To gather in the treasures of her train—
While smiling Plenty wreathes her horn in flowers,
And pours her blessings in unmeasured showers.

But who is he who comes with sober face—

His vesture red with blood of new-made wine—
Whose thin, gray locks fall scattering o'er his face,
And round whose wrinkled brow dead leaves entwined—

Who blows his breath o'er mountain, hill, and vale,
And leaves the sweetest flowers all dead and pale?

He winds his horn: up starts the timid hare;

The gentle fawn, with beating heart, is still;
The cautious fox creeps back into his lair,
And flies the whistling partridge from the hill;
The finny tribes no longer sport and gleam,
But start to see his shadow on the stream.

And who is he—yon aged patriarch,

All wrapt in furs—with snow-besprinkled beard,
With years oppressed, as if he did embark
Upon this life before the world was reared?
Each flower and tree with freezing breath he shakes,
And chills the world at every step he takes.

The ruffled lakes and gently-gliding streams,

So joyous in their life and motions wild,
Stop at his approach, and golden gleams
Rise coldly where in beauty once they smiled,
While on their shores he builds his icy throne,
And rules the world as if it were his own.

TO A VIOLET.

On Seeing One after an April Shower.

THOU modest, purple-mantled flower—
The sweetest 'neath my garden-bower—
I ask of Nature's richest dower
 No costlier boon
Than thee, washed by the gentle shower
 Of vernal noon.

Thou camest of the rainbow hue,
Caught from the heaven's ethereal blue,
To be impearled in rain-drop dew
 While thou art here,
And with thy fragrance to imbue
 This lowly sphere.

Though "flaunting flowers," of colors gay,
Rivalling the glow of dying day,
Or golden clouds along its way,
 Should call for me,
I would not seek such vain array,
 But stay with thee.

With thee, sweet flower, I cannot part,
Unpierced by Cupid's glittering dart,
Thy modest mien hath stolen my heart,
 Which throbs to love,
And throbs to thee; for love thou art,
 Sent from above.

Yet some do seem to spy thee not,
Looking with pride above thy lot,
Beyond this low but lovely spot,
 Where thou dost lie;
Or else perhaps they have forgot
 Thy bright blue eye.

Thus is the fate of modest worth—
The lowly but the good of earth,
Whose poverty or humble birth
 Is all their blame,
And for whose deeds there is a dearth
 Of worthy fame.

Let those of vanity and pride
The poor and lowly ones deride,
Yet on one truth they may abide:
 No power of earth
Can fix their station, nor decide
 Their real worth.

BEAUTIFUL SHELLS.

ON thy banks, fair Tennessee,
In days agoe there used to be,
According to my memory,
 Beautiful shells.

Deep within thy bosom—deep
'Neath thy waves—they used to sleep,
Lulled by the murmurs of thy sweep—
Those beautiful shells.

On swept thy waves, as oft before,
And left those shells upon thy shore,
Just as they were—and nothing more—
Beautiful shells.

But soon there came an idle day
Of pleasure, and we strolled away
From busy cares to rest where lay
Those beautiful shells.

Deep in the bright autumnal woods,
Down by thy beach, where none intrudes,
We sought amidst those solitudes
Those beautiful shells.

And there we found them, pure and white,
Shining in the autumn light,
Kissed by thy crystal waves so bright—
Those beautiful shells.

Thus, in our hearts and in our eyes,
We count them as a common prize—
The magic of fond memories—
Those beautiful shells.

And when long years of time hath flown,
May we then say, They are our own
Remembrances of things ago—
Those beautiful shells.

GATHERING.

WHILE the fields are whitening
With harvests full and free,
While the sails are floating
O'er a boundless sea,
Shall we wait for gathering
In eternity?

Gather from the pathway
Tender buds that grow ;
Gather from the valleys
Fragrant flowers that blow ;
Gather from the branches
Golden fruits that glow.

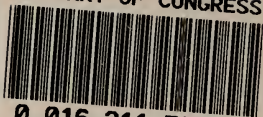
Let the mind be drinking
Of Pierian springs ;
Let good words be flying
On unfettered wings ;
Let the actions savor
Of the noblest things.

Ask not of our fellows,
“What shall the harvest be?”
But reap the fields around us—
Sheaves that we may see—
Sheaves that make the harvest
Of eternity.





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